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DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOFORTES.

We copy the following flattering notice of Deckers Bros. admirable pianos, from the *Jewish Messenger*, a journal of large circulation and great influence. We cordially endorse the remarks of the editor, for we know their instruments to be of the very first class:

A BEAUTIFUL INSTRUMENT.—Among the many and splendid pianofortes manufactured by various makers in the City, those by Decker Brothers stand among the first for all the qualities which are known to constitute a perfect pianoforte. In point of appearance, elegance of design, richness of material, and beauty of finish, they are unsurpassed, while in the solidity of construction, both of interior and exterior, they have few rivals. The workmanship throughout will be found on minute examination as clean and beautiful as that of the most perfect watch.

The tone of these instruments, while very sonorous, is pure, delicate and refined, with a sympathetic and melodious quality, which is truly fascinating, possessing at the same time that prolonged "singing power," which is so difficult to get in its purity, and which the Deckers have produced in such perfection. This exceeding beauty of tone, is the result of their celebrated improvement, the Patent plate which has all the strength of the Iron Frame, and yet permits *all the strings to rest upon wood*, which preserves the beautiful quality of tone throughout the entire scale. Other makers have tried to effect this improvement, but Decker Brothers alone have achieved what all the makers of this country and Europe have seen the necessity of, and have for years sought for in vain. The improvement is their exclusive right, and this fact makes their instrument so widely demanded.

THE PELOUBET ORGANS.

At the last Fair of the American Institute, among the many reed organs exhibited, the list comprising those of the best makers, the organs and melodeons of Peloubet, Pelton & Co. excited the most general attention, and gained the prize over all the instruments of the same class sent for competition. It may be well imagined that the conflict was sharp and exciting, for as the best instruments manufactured in America were there contending, which ever won that battle would have nothing left to conquer. The battle was fought, and by the strongest recommendation of the Jury, the Peloubet organs won the Gold Medal over all competitors as the "best Cabinet Organs"—Carhart and Needham having received a special Gold Medal for a very large and beautiful organ that, from its size, was not considered as competing with any other on exhibition.

The Peloubet organs are remarkable among other points for smoothness and richness of tone, which in quality approximates closer to the finest quality of the pipe organs, than any other instruments of their class. The several registers have also a rare individuality of character, so that exquisite contrasts of tone, and beautiful combinations and effects can be produced in great variety.

The instruments are of three grades, respectively, of one, two, and three banks of keys, and contain from the single reed, F to F, with two stops, up to ten stops and eight sets of reeds, with pedals from CCC to C. The largest size is a most powerful instrument, with voice sufficient to fill any Society Hall, or Church of moderate dimensions, and it contains resources in solo stops, combinations and couplers, superior to a pipe organ of treble its cost, to which in pure, soft quality of tone it is fully equal. In these instruments the stops run all through, each knob representing an entire register. There are two swell pedals, one on each side, so that the swell can be used by the left foot while the right foot is engaged in blowing.

We have never seen more perfect mechanism than these organs exhibit. Every part is beautifully made, and works with singular ease and precision. The blowing is effected without any jerking emphasis, and is ample in its supply of wind; the pedals work smoothly and promptly, and the voicing of the reeds is masterly in the extreme.

The next classes, two and three, are equally beautiful with number one, with the exception that the stops are fewer, still the variety is very great, and a fair player can produce upon them the most charming combinations and effects, which at once surprise and delight the hearer.

We have played upon them frequently, and always with increasing pleasure, as their powers when thoroughly understood, afford ample scope for the imagination, and satisfy, as far as is practicable, the wants and the desires of the performer.

Peloubet, Pelton & Co.'s Organs and Melodeons are thoroughly trustworthy and admirable instruments, and cannot be excelled in this country.

LAUREL HOUSE, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, }
August 15th.

Pleasantly pass the Summer days here upon this mount of transfiguration. The few days that I came here to spend, have passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still I linger, loth to leave a scene so enchanting. Here the weeks have wrought their change, without any diminution of glory. The delicate hue of the early summer verdure has deepened into a rare golden green, and blossoming tree and flowering shrub are dropping their fairy petals in exchange for ripening pendant fruits. And summer winds and mountain streams are also changing. The shallow, sinuous Kauterskill that has been sighing a tender tune almost *sotto voce* under my chamber window, has deepened its tones (swollen by August rains) and now babbles and roars, and proclaims its passion to all the reverberating hills. The summer heat, too, is fitful and passing, and not unfrequently our little parlor is all a-glow with a crackling wood-fire, anticipatory of the chill autumnal dews. A thousand birds of passage have I seen flit to and from this mountain wild; only three remain of all those early visitors that greeted my coming. Our stately vocalist, Penelope, tall and lithe, with bright amber eyes, and amber-colored hair, (amber witch), remains to sweeten our social evenings with her plaintive voice.

Other visitors we have had, that have contrib-

uted their mite for the benefit of the music-famished guests of the Laurel House. The organist of St. John's Church has paid us a fleeting visit, delighting us with his brilliant pianism. Landscape-art, too, has had its representative. A German artist, bearing the euphonious name of Momberger, has been here, and borne away all the pictured points of Catskill. His lady-wife, with her sweet, low voice, contributed much to the evening's pleasure, singing with pathetic expression, "Oh ye tears," and "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer." And tragic's Muse, great Melpomene, has sent her votary to beguile these summer days—Daniel E. Bandmann, the famous actor, from austere Germania sprung, whose perfect mastery of our Anglican tongue is as wondrous as his interpretation of the "immortal bard." Graceful as Apollo, blessed with exceedingly mobile features, dark, expressive eyes, a classic head superbly posed, an accomplished mind, Mr. Bandmann could not fail to inspire interest in any circle. Wishing, however, to avoid the haunts of "our best society," Saratoga, Newport, and Long Branch, he came to these Olympian heights. A more favored spot for study and meditation, the true artist could not desire. Affable, and kind-hearted, Mr. Bandmann often accompanies our little parties in their wild rambles, always taking with him his beloved author, and when we stop from fatigue, or are enchained by the superlative beauty of bosky dell, or romantic glen, we group about him, and listen to his fine delineation of Othello's jealous rage, or Hamlet's eccentric grief, and I assure you Nature's great bard loses nothing of its poetic inspiration, given with the majestic surroundings.

There is some danger of becoming a little *daff* here in our exaltation, there is so much fine talk over "glowing sunsets," "magnificent views," "lovely moon scenes," etc.—a tendency to sentimentality and affectation. That there is, however, a genuine enthusiasm here for Nature, I was convinced last evening, by over-hearing the remark of a little child of six years, a nephew of Mr. Bandmann. They were seated upon the western piazza, the uncle absorbed in a large volume of "rare Ben Jonson." The little boy was gazing upon the sunset, which was peculiarly glowing and gorgeous. "Uncle," said he, "what is that over there?" pointing to the purple hills. No reply. "Uncle, uncle, what is that that looks so beautiful up there?" "The mountain," replied the disturbed student, in an abrupt and unsympathizing tone. "Oh!" said the little fellow, "I thought it was Heaven!"

Another instance of poetic feeling, I will relate. A gentleman not unknown in Art-circles in New York, riding with a party over these mountains, became enchanted with the glory of Nature. Having exhausted his vocabulary of adulatory adjectives in his enthusiasm, and seeing new glories still unfolding, at last he exclaimed: "Here, Tom, stop the horses, and let me get out and swear at the landscape!"

And what do we these rainy days when the silver mist lies heavy upon the mountains? Oh, we have other pleasures than tracing the intricate mountain path, or watching the fairy cloud-scenes. We have a piano: not the beau-ideal musical instrument—not a divine *Cecilia Chickering*, such as all esthetic souls aspire to; but a humble, well-intentioned instrument, a paragon to be found in a hotel. And seldom the day passes that I do not try to ascertain, through this dull medium, the thoughts of the grand old Masters,